

**¶ Here begynneth
a lytle boke named
the Schole house**

**of women: Wherin every man
may rede a goodly prayse
of the condicions of
women.**

**The yere of our Lorde:
M. D. XLi.**



The pꝛouerbe olde, who so denyeth
Is my conceyte, doth greatly erre
Both wyt & discrecyō yf he applyeth
That thyng of trueth, wold debar
Howbeit that folkes, pꝛesume so far

Wherby the truth, is often blained

Yet in no wyse, trueth may be shamed

¶ A foole of late, contrpyed a booke

And all in pꝛayse, of the femynye

Who so taketh labour, it to ouer lōke

Shall pꝛoue, all is but flatterye

Behan he calleth it, it may well be

The Decocke is pꝛoudest, of his fayre tayle

And so be all women of theyꝝ apparayle

¶ Wherfoꝛe as nowe, in this treatyse

What so be sayde, in rude sentence

Vertue to encrease, & to laye vyce

In chese occasyon, of my pꝛetence

And where that trueth is none offence

Who so therfoꝛe, that blameth me

I saye he demeth, wrongfully

¶ Parchaunce the womē, take displeasure

Bycause I rubbe them, on the gall

To them that good be peraduenture

It shall not be, materyall

The other soꝛte, no foꝛse at all

Save what they wyll, oꝛ bende the byewe

Them selfe shall pꝛoue, my sayeng trewe

¶ Eche other man, in generall

And namely those, that maryed be

Byue euydent, testimonypall

Affermyng the same, yf I wolde lye

And thus repozte, that femynye

Ben euyl to please, and woꝛse to truste

Crabbed and comberous, whē them selfe luste.
20 Haue tongue at large, voyce loude & shrill
Of wordes wonderous, passynge store
Stomake stoute, with frowarde wyl
And namely, when ye touche the soze
With one bare worde, or lytle moze
They flushe and flame, as hote as fyre
And swell as a tode, for feruent yre

¶ And where they here, one worde y soundeth.
Lytle agaynst, they lewde behauour
And twyse so moche els, which that redoundeth
To theyr hye praysse, ye may be sure
So lyght of eare, they be and slowe
That of the better, they neuer recorde
The worse reherse they, worde by worde

20 It were moche hurte, for to dyscrye
The propertyes all, of the femynyne kynde
Howbeit a man may, conjecture nye
And saye also, as experience dothe bynde
That very fewe, there be to fynde
But that they can, how soeuer the matter stande
Bere fyre and water, bothe in one hande

¶ Euacpons they haue, faynt and feble
Them to excuse, of duplicyte
As though they were inuencyble
Spotted, in any wyse to be
And with othes/so craftelye
They shalbe forgyd, on suche a grounde
As all thyng were, bothe hole and sounde

20 And be it in ernyste, or els in iape
To them it is, one maner a thyng
Surely nought els, they after gape
But euer moze, in commynge
To let a man of his sayenge

Reason wyll, they not attende
But tell theyꝝ owne taylor, to the ende

And for to say, moost commonlye
This vice, is appropꝝate to them all
For let a man, to them replie
In reasons, of matters small
These women be, so sensuall
That by theyꝝ reason, not worth a toꝝde
Yet wyll the woman, haue the laste woꝝde

There may no reason, theyꝝ debarre
Nor none example, can them conuerthe
They stody algate, to be at warre
And with euyl sawes, to be ouerthwarre
Malice is so roteth, in theyꝝ harte
That seldome a man, may of them here
One good woꝝde, in a hole longe yere

Albeit the nombꝛe, of them are great
Yet doth theyꝝ folye, farre excede
For all is fylshe, that cometh to net
In case that they, of theyꝝ rynde spyde
Broche, rynges, clothe, oꝝ thꝛede
Shame haue they none, to tere and snatche
All is theyꝝ owne, that they may catche

What so it be, they fynger ones
Of wedded man, oꝝ syngle playne
He may as soone, cate the adamunde stones
As the selfe same, of them to retayne
Noche they craue, and nought gyue agayne
As holesome for a man, is a womans coꝝse
As a holder of motton, for a speke horse

And yet we may not, them longe myste
For many sondꝝ, commodyties.
So tryckey way, they haue no kysse
With mouth, and rollynge eyes

Tongue to tongue, dysclose thyres
One and other, commonlye
Haue in suche case, lyke propertye

¶ That herde it were, in myne oppynion.
Yf god hym selfe, wolde company kepe
But that wolde, brynge hym vpon
Wakynge, or other els a slepe
Displease them ones, and then they wepe
By meane wherof, lone doth the cure
Yonge fooles to kepe/in longe bre

¶ And whyles, the woynge tyme doth last.
I meane with them, that maydens be
Lothe to dysplease, loue sure and fast
Are what ye wyll, and speede maye ye
Fewe or none, for the moost partye
Gently entreatyd, deny you can
With her tables, to entre your man

¶ That done they say, that ye dyd make,
Promesse to them, by good assuraunce
Them to mary, and to wyues take
Els had ye not, had suche dalyaunce
And all is for fere, of good vtteraunce
In case the bely, do not swell
They holde them pleased, and all is well

¶ Yet must ye be, at ferther daunger
Yf ye do endende, to vse them ofte
Kepe them bothe at racke, and maunger
Array them well, and lay them softe
Yet shall another man, come alofte
Haue you ones tourned, your eye and backe
Another she wyll haue, to smycke and smacke

¶ Perchaunce the bely, may ryse with all.
Then wyll they swere, and stare apase
That thynke it is, when it dothe fall

Be it mplyar, pozne oꝛ base
Loke they save, on thyne owne face
Beholde well, bothe nose and eye
Nature it selfe, the father wyll trye
 And epyther there is, a synguler grace
Gyuen vnto babe, foꝛth on
Oꝛ sure it is, a meruaylous face
That god hath gyuen, vnto the man
Foꝛ were they .xx. they muste eche one
Loke they straght, epyther els a shoꝛe
Be lyke the father, leest and mooꝛe

 And when they are ones, waren small
And able to ryde, oꝛ els to go
Vnto lyke acte, agayne they fall
As who wolde say, they felte no wo
Yf ye renounce, kyndnes to sho
The must ye sende the, to some straunge place
As good a mayde, as she befoꝛe was

 Then yf there come, a louer newe
And them apoynt, whether to come
They be lyke redy, vnto the mew
And to be close, from wynde and sonne
With lytle labour, they are soone wonne
Not one I warrant you, amonges twentye
But she esteemes, wyll be as redye

 Wed them ones, and then a dew
fare well all truste, and houswyfrye
kepe theyꝛ chambꝛes, and them selfe mew
foꝛ staynyng, of theyꝛ fysmye
And in theyꝛ bed, all daye do lye
Must ones oꝛ twyse. every weke
feare them selfe, foꝛ to be sycke

 Sende foꝛ this, and sende foꝛ that
Lytle oꝛ nothyng, may them please

Come in good gossyp, and kepe me chat
I trust it shall, do me great ease
Complayne of many, a sondy dysease
A gossyps cuppe, bytwene, or twayne
Tyll she be gotten, vp agayne.

¶ Then must she haue, maydens two or thre
That may then gossyps togrther bynge
Set them to labour, to blete the eye
Them selfe wyl nother, washe ne wyng
Bake ne brew, nor other thyng
Syt by the fyre, let the maydens trotte
Brew of the beste, in a halpeny pottle

¶ Blay who wyl, the man must labour
And bynge to house, all that he maye
The wyfe agayne, dothe nought but glauout
And holde hym vp, with ye and naye
But of her cuppe/ he shall not assaye
Other she sayeth, it is to thynne
Other els ywis, there is nothyng in.

¶ And when these gossyps are ones mette .
Of euery taylor, and newe tidynge
They bable fast, and nothyng forget
They put(I warrant)betwene rydynge
This lerne the yonger, of the elders guydynge
Daye by day, keepynge suche scholes
The semple men, they make as fooles

¶ Them selfe alway, do make good chere
With one or other, they neuer reste
Our Johan shall pape, that is not here
Howe say you gossyp, is it not beste
I beswewe his herte/ nowe is he bleste
He bet me gossyp, I maye teil you
That yet I am, bothe blacke and blewe

Thus out it shall/what so it be
Good or bad, all is one thyng
What soeuer commeth, to memoꝛye
Shall not be losse, for the tellinge
God wote they make, many a lesynge
Hit doth they? stomake/greatly ease
To lerne what may/they? husbundes displease.

The ponge complayneth vnto the olde
Somewhat to ease, they? hertes therbye
The elder sayeth/good gossyp beholde
To shewe your mynde, hollye to me
Here it not, ye knowe pardye
That I haue bene, bothe olde and ponge
Bothe close and sure/of taye and tongue.

2 Then sayeth the ponger, I may tell you
I am so matchet, as no woman is
Of all this nyght, tyll the cocke crewe
He wolde not ones, tourne me for to kysse
Euery nyght, he ryseth to pisse
And when he comineth/agayne vnwarne
Doth tourne his ars/in to my barne

Appeth hym selfe, rounde all aboute
And thrusteth me/out of my place
Leaueth me scantly, one ragge or cloute
To couer and cast, ouer my face
Full lytell maner/gossyp he hase
The moost vnkyndest, man haue I
That euer woman, layde her by

And be the daye, neuer so longe
He doth nothyng, but chyde and bꝛaull
Ye ye gossyppe, the moze is my wronge
Hore and herlot, he doth me call
And byddes me gossyp, scrape and scrall
And for my liuyng, labour and swete

3
For as of hym, no peny I gette

¶ I was a curste, or els starke madde
And when I marped, with hym vntwyle
I maye tell you, I myght haue had
Another maner of man, then he is
Yf I had folowed, my frendes aduysle
I shulde haue had, a mynyan
A man of lande, a gentylman

¶ The deuyls gossyp, ought me a shame
And payde I am now, every peny
Wolde god he had, be blynde and lame
That daye and houre, he fyrst woed me
Ware not gossyp, these chyldezen thye
I wolde not tarp, ye maye be sure
Longer with hym, daye ne houre

¶ Then sayeth the elder, do as I do
Be sharpe and quicke, with hym agayne
Yf that he chyde, chyde you also
And for one worde, gyue you hym twayue
Kepe hym shorte, and haue dysdayne
He shulde vse you, after suche rate
Byd hym be still, with one euyl date

¶ Cheryshe your selfe, all that ye maye
And drawe vnto, good compayne
Caste not your selfe, gossyp awaye
Because he playeth, the churle with the
And by your wylle, kepe hym hungree
And byd hym go, when he wolde game
Vnto his customers, god gyue hym shame

¶ Be euer with hym, at yea and naye
And by your wylle, begyn the warre
Yf he wolde smyte, then maye ye say
Go to hardely, yf thou so dare
I beshewe thy herte, yf that thou spare

B.

All the world, shall wonder on the
Howe thou doest wreke, thy tene of me

¶ Bycause thou hast be, at the dysle
And playde awaye, all that thou haste
O: from thy gylloutes, thou couldest not ryse
Of all this day, ye sat so faste
And nowe god, gyue the shame at laste
Commeſt dꝛonken home, with a myschefe
And woldest be reuenged, vpon thy wyfe

¶ Better pꝛys, to holde thy hande
And moze is, foꝛ thyne honestye
I had leuer thyne necke, where in a bande
Then I wolde take it, longe of the
Truste me, I wyll fynde remedye
Smyte and thou dare, I make god auowe
I wyll acquyte it, I wote well howe

¶ In case there be, no remedy
But that ye must, haue strokes sadde
Take vp the babe / that then is nye
Be it wenche, oꝛ be it lad
And byd hym stryke, yf he be madde
Smyte hardely, and kyll thy sonne
And hange therfoze, when thou hast done

¶ Thus amonge, they kepe suche scholes
The ponge to dꝛawe, after the olde
Motyng euer / vpon theyꝝ stoles
Of euery matter, that they haue wolde
By meane wherof, the ponge ware bolde
So that within, a moneth they be
Quarter mapster, oꝛ moze then he

20 ¶ Cruely some men, there be
That lyue alwaye, in great horroure
And saye it goeth, by destenye
To hange oꝛ wed, bothe hath one houre

And whyther it be, I am well sure
Hangynge is better, of the twayne
Sooner done, and shorter payne

C On pylgrymage, then must they go
To wylesdon, backyng, oꝛ some halowes
Perchaunce be forth, a nyght oꝛ two
On fote foꝛ werynge, of horse shoues
A byage make, vnto the stewes
And neyther knele, to stones, ne stockes
But the offerynge take, with a quicke bore

Somtyme also, lycence they craue
To be wsome neyghbour, in þe mydwyues stede
And all to the ende, some other knaue
Shall dubbe her husbände, a somer byꝛde
The trueth is so knowen, it can not be hyde
Albeit that fewe men, do hym here
The kucko, syngeth euery yere

They haue also another caste
In case the husbände, be pꝛesent
The chylde I warrant, shalbe caste
And to her loueꝛ, therewith sent
The sylly man, none euyl mient
Regardeth lytell, oꝛ nothyng this
Howe by the babe, she sendes her kys

And foꝛ she wolde, by rekened trewe
The matter to cloke, moꝛe craftely
Her kynsman call hym, I warrant you
And to blere, the husbādes eye
God wote the blynde/eateth many a flye
So doth the husbānd, often ywis
Fater the chylde, that is not his

Trym them selfe, euery daye newe
And in theyꝛ glasses/pooꝛe and pyꝛe
Plat and plant, and theyꝛ herys hewe

And all to make it, for the eye
The fynest ware, that they may bye
And all that euer/they may ymagyne
Is to enlure, the masculyne

¶ Paynt them rounde, with many a pyn
Rynged for routyng, of pure golde
fayre without, and foule within
And of theyr tayles/haue sylpper holde
Bye who wyl/ware wyl be solde
Ye nede go farther, the fayre is here
Bye when ye lyst /it lasteth ouer yere

¶ Spare for no cost/but drynke of the best,
And also of euery, deynthe eate
Hote in operation/and lyght to dygest
Nature to prouoke, and set on a heate
Oysters, kocles, and els what they may yet
Nowe this, nowe that, a fayne them selfe sycke
Suche thynges to receyue/as for theyr physyck

¶ By meane wherof, Tyresias
Arbyter chose, the trueth to dyscus
Gyue iudgement playne, in this case
That the woman is:farre moze lecherous
Gallus gallinus, ter quinq sufficit vnus
Sed ter quinq viri/non sufficient mulieri

¶ In case they wolde/ ought of you craue,
Anone they wepe, and lowe a pace
And say that they/can nothyng haue
Them to apparell, as other wyues haue
Truste not ouermuche, theyr mornyng face
Recorde ynough, of Samsons two wyues
who foloweth theyr myndes/seldo whē thyues

¶ Albeit the byrder, with his blered eye
Dyssemble sorowe/with his sad face
Yet is there no byrde, he maye come by

4
By his engynes/that may haue grace
By women it foloweth/in semblable case
Wepe they oꝛ laugh they:all is one thyng
They deale mooste craftly,whē they be wepyng

And yet amonge/who so wyl thꝛue
And offyce bere,in towne oꝛ citie
Must nedes be ruled,by his wyfe
Oꝛ els in fay,it wyl not bꝛe
The wyfe must able hym,to the degre
Able oꝛ vnable,lytle careth she
Bycause her selfe,wolde honoured be

Fear not she sayeth,vnto her spouse
A man oꝛ a mouse,whyther be ye
Shulde ye,your honestly refuse
And be as lyke,as other men be
In person,and in eche degre
Take it vpon you,do not refuse
And I myne owne selfe,synde youre house

So by the meane,of her counsaile
The man may not,the offyce forsake
Bycause the wyfe,wolde haue a tayle
Come rakyng after, & a bonet blacke
A veluet heed,and also be take
With the best and not the worst
The man must be ruled:tyll all be in the dust.

Of all the dyscaies,that euer woꝛe.
Weddyng is nerte vnto the goute
A saulue there is,foꝛ euery soꝛe
To helpe a man within,oꝛ without
But of these two,I am in dowte
No payne so feruent,hote ne colde
As is a man,to be called cockolde

And be neuer,so fearefull to fraye
So starke a cowarde,yet wyl he rage

And drawe his knyfe, euen strayght waye
Be he neuer so farre in eage
Call hym ones cockoloe, and his corrage
Furthwith wpll kyndle, and force hym stryke
Woyle then ye, named hym heretyke

¶ And syeth there is, no salue therfore
Hit putteth many, a man in fere
To be infecte, with the selfe same soze
Howe well so euer, they them bere
Good taken haue they, also els where
That whosoever weddeth a wyfe
Is sure of sorowe/all his lyfe

¶ Of Socrates, the pacient
Example good/of his wyues twayne
Whiche on a tyme/fell at dyssent
And vnto hym, dyd them complayne
He laught therat/and they agayne
Fall bothe on hym, with an euyl date
A ppsot they brake, vpon his pate

¶ He helde hym pleased, and well content
The ppsle ran downe/by his chekes twane
Wpll wylst I, sayde he, what it ment
And true it is, that all men sayne
That after thonder, commeth rayne
Who hath a wyfe, is sure to fynde
At home in his house, many a sowze wynde.

¶ A certayne wyfe, sayde to me ones
I wolde thou knewe it, god made vs
Rather of earth, stocke ne stones
But of a thyng, morhe precyous
Of a rybbe of a ran, scripture sayeth thus
Bycause the woman, in euery nede
Shulde be helpe to the man, in woꝝde and dede

¶ Man made of earth, and woman of man

As of a thyng, moost pꝛyncypall
Whiche argueth well, sayeth she then
By iudgement iust, and reason naturall
That we be euer substantpall
And yet ye men, thus of hus bable
That women alwayes are varyable

20 Whiche thyng, as farre as I se can
Shulde be imployed, rather to you
Syth of the earth, god create man
And fygures therof, maketh euer newe
Nature thus naturate, me semeth nowe
Must nedes, his fyrste oꝝygynall
Ensewe, oꝝ be vnnaturall.

As ye saye(sayde I) helpe hym well
Euyll to thꝛyue, and woꝛse to fare
Who was the cause, that Adam fell
His wyfe oꝝ noe I make you ware
One and other, lytell ye care
So ye maye haue, that ye desyre
Though dun, and the packe, lye in the myꝛe

20 Made of a bone, ye sayd. were ye
Truth it is, I can not denaye
Croked it was, styffe, and sturdye
And that wolde bende, no maner wape
Of nature lyke, I dare well saye,
Of that condicyon, all women be
Euyll to rule, bothe styffe, and sturdye

And ouer that, who lysteth to trye
Put me two bones, in a bagge
Oꝝ mo as it is, of quantyte
That done, holde it somewhat sagge
Shake it also, that it maye wagge
And ye shall here, none other matter
Of these bones, but clytter clatter

Like so of women, in felde and towne.
Assembled where, that many be
A man may heare them, by the towne
Farther farre, then the eye maye se
Wherfore men saye/moost comenlye
Where many geese be, are many tozdes
And where be women, are many wordes.

And so the husbände, is lyke to haue
A synguler treasure, of his wyfe
He nedeth neuer, an yll worde to craue
All the dayes, of his longe lyfe
Hath not that man, a prerogatyue
That may alwaye, of his wyfe haue
A thyng of nought, and it not craue

And commonly, where cause is none
Some thyng ymagyned is kepte in stoze
Whiche that she may, come the good mā home
With spedefull spiryte, lay hym befoze
Of lytle oꝝ nought, they make moche moze
And be it true, oꝝ false they tell
All is sothed, as the gospell

And yet the rybbe, as I suppose
That god dyd take, out of the man
~~A dogge by caught, and awaye gofe~~
~~Eate it cleane, so that as than~~
The werke to fynyshe, that god began
Coude not be, as we haue sayde
Bycause the dogge, the rybbe conuayde

A remedy, god founde as yet
Out of the dogge, he toke a rybbe
The woman forthwith he made of it
As to the man, neyther kynne noꝝ sybbe
Nature she foloweth, and playeth the gyb
And at her husbände, doth barke and ball

As doth the curte, for nought at all
Another reason, if ye marke well
Dothe cause the woman, of wordes be true
A certayne man, as fortune fell
A woman tangles, wedded to wyue
Whose frowning countenance, preying belyue
Till he myght knowe, what men thought long
And wished full ofte, she had a tongue

The deuyl was redy, & appered anone
An aspen leafe, he bad the man take
And in her mouth, shulde put but one
A tongue sayde the deuyl, it shall her make
Till he had done, his heed dyd ake
Leaues he gathered, and toke plentye
And in her mouthe/put two or thre

Within a whyle, this medycyne wrought
The man coulde tary, no longer tyme
But wakened her, to the ende he mought
The vertue proue, of the medycyne
The first worde, she spake to hym
She sayde thou horson, knaue, and these
Howe durst thou waken me, with a mischefe

From that day forwarde, she neuer ceased
Her boyster babell, greuyd hym soze
The deuyl he met, and hym intreated
To make her tangles, as she was before
Not so sayde the deuyl, I will medle no more
I deuyl, a woman to speake maye constrayne
But all that in hell be, can not let it agayne

And by pofe, dayly we se
What inclynacyon nature maketh
The aspen lefe, hangynge where it be
With lytle wynde, or none it shaketh
A womans tongue, in lyke wyse taketh

C.

Lytle ease, and lytle rest

For yf it shulde, the herte wolde best

¶ A loke when the see, doth water want

For no wynde bloweth, to mylne the walke

When Ethna hyll, off fyre is scant

The crowne whyte, and blacke is chalke

Then women cease, wyll of theyr talke

It is lyke appoyryed, all women to bable

As dogges to barke, and geese to gagle

¶ And that moze is, all men do saye

That woman to man, is moost comforte

Howbeit they meane it, another waye

And saye she is, mannes bitter ertozte

And ouer that, by iust repozte

The smaller pease, the mo to the pot

The fayrer woman, the moze gyllot

¶ The fayrer of face, the brouder of harte

The lother to woo, the sooner won

The lesse of speche, the moze ouerthwart

Not one so daungerous, as is Dame Dun

The fouler she is, the sooner it is done

So shorte of hele/they be ouer all

That and yf ye blowe/they must nedes fall

¶ By meane wherof, all men repozte

And saye that women, can not be stable

For be one gone, and other resozte

And profereth them, thynge scrupula ble

Our fply is fettyd, vnto the sadle

Ryde who wyll, shod is our mare

And thus they eschaunge, ware for ware

¶ In case thou woldest, not haue it so

But rather to fynde/euery thynge well

I counseyle the befoze thou go

Forth of towne, to crowche and knele

And offre a candell, to the deuyl
Parcase thy wyfe wolde, be so lewed
He wolde for let it, all beshewed

¶ Example therof, and that was this.
A certayne man, from home shulde ryde
Whiche fearyng his wyfe, wolde do amys
To an ymage of Sathan, vpon a wall syde
Offered a candell, and that was espyde
And sayde sy? Sathan, nowe I charge the
My wyfe in myne absence, thou do ouer se

¶ His iourney ended, came home agayne
And the selfe ymage, went streyght vnto
The deuyl hym shewed, euery thyng playne
Howe he had let, that shulde haue be do
And from her backwarde, drawen one or two
The daungerest cure, that euer he had
Was to kepe good, that wolde haue ben bad

¶ Another thyng as pryncypall
Be not with her, in Jalousye
What mysaduenture, so euer befall
Forbyd her no mannes company
Nor yet rebuke her/ synghuletly
In case thou do, though thou haddest swozne
A blaste shalt thou blowe, in Synners hozne

¶ For as we se, by experyence
Euery day before our eye
And by reposte of men of credence
For the moost parte/ the femynye
By theyr innatyrue, desynye
Fyrst and foremost, when they be chyd
Wyll that thyng do, they be forbyd

¶ And ouer that, thy wyfe present
I counseyle the, be wyle and ware
Thou prayse, no other mans instrument

Better then thyne owne, berynge ware
For yf thou do, she wyll not spare
Were he neuer, so naturall a foole
Tyll she haue assayed, the selfe same tole
So frayle they be, of disposycyon
So croked, so crabbed, with that so yll.
So lewed, so shrewed, lyght of condicyon
That sure, it were vnpossyble
To let them, of theyr owne selfe wyll
And but it come, of theyr owne mynde
A man were as good, throwe stones at þe wynde
Saye what ye wyll, they wyll do as the lust
The p[ro]fe therof, in a certayne fable
A husb[an]de man, haupng good truste
His wyfe to hym, had be agreable
Thought to attempt / yf she had be refozmable
Bad take the potte, that sod ouer the fyre
And set it aboue, vpon the astyre

She answered hym, I holde the mad
And I moze foole, by saynt Martyne
The dyner is redy, as thou me bad
And tyme it were that thou shuldest dyne
And thou wylte not, I wyll go to myne
I byd the sayde t[e], bere vp the potte
A ha she sayde, I trowe thou dote

Up she goeth, for feare at laste
No questyon moued, where it shulde stande
Vpon his heade, the potage she cast
And helde the potte, styll in her hande
And towarde hym, she curst and bande
Sayd and sware, he myght her truste
She wolde with the potage, do what her luste

No remedy, to dyscontent.
To trattle to them, of reason or lawe

6
For be a womans, purpose bent
Nothyng preuaileth, to withdraue
Nor yet to kepe/ them vnder awe
Gyue them counsaile, the best ye can
They wyll folowe theyr owne wyll, now & than

And loke of discrecyon, fewe womanly
And to the were few, profytable
Not thre I dare saye, amonge thyrtye
That be dyscrete, and reasonable
And yet alwayes, they byble bable
Of euerie matter, and make it nyse
And in conclusyon, be wonderous peupyshe

As holy as sayntes, in churche they be
And in strete, as aungels they were
At home, for all theyr ypocryse
A deuplyshe lyfe, they led all the yere
When lenton cometh, then to the frere
The frere lymlyfter, for a payre of pence
Wyll for all causes, with them dyspense

And that more is, I dare auowe
That yf thy wyfe, dyspleasure take
Be it ryght or wronge, yet thou
Must nedes of forse, for thy wyues sake
Fyght and fraye, and hys wordes crake
Swere and state, as who wolde saye
Thou woldest not let, to kyll and slaye

In case thou take the matter lyght
As man of peas, loue and conorde
Then wyll she wepe, anone forth ryght
And gyue the many, an euill worde
And byd the gyde, to the thy sworde
And saye, yf I had maryed a man
This thyng shulde not, be longe vndone

Recoꝝde, the wycked Iesabell.
Whiche wolde haue flayne/good Helpas
Recoꝝde also of the gospels
The wyfe of Phylp/Herodys
Whiche through her doughter, brought to pas
That Herode her graunted, oꝝ that they wyte
To gyue her the heed/of Iohan Baptyst

Thus were thei selfe, may lytle do
As in regarde of corporall myght
Of cruelnes they rest not so
But stee theyꝝ husbandes, foꝝ to fyght
The pꝛouerbe olde, accoꝝdeth ryght
Women and dogges, causeth moche stryfe
And moost occasyons, to be myschefe

In case that thou, so foolyshe be
Foꝝ thy wyues wordes, to make a byll
Yf it so fortune, that she do it see
Regardeth lytle, what may befall
The fyꝛst thyng, that she doth of all
On the she runneth, and holdeth the styll
Whyles that an other, may the kyll

And yf it chaunce, any vnkynde worde
Escape thy mouthe, wherby that ye
Bytwene your selfe/fall at dyscoꝝde
Truste me well/in case that she
By any meane/may mayster the
Foꝝ the moost parte, all women be
In suche case, all without pytpe

Weake and feble, albeit they be
Of body/moche impotent
Example dayly, yet maye ye se
Comberous they be, and malpouolente
Harmeles creatures, none euyl mente
The vpper hande, yf they ones get

Can no more harme, then amerceset

Who was so bulpe, as was the mayde.
With croked language, Peter to appose
Owes, twyse, or thysse, to hym she sayde
And thou felow, arte one of those
The trueth sayde she / thy language showse
Peter abashed, swoze and denyde
And all by reason, of the lewde mayde

Some men they be also, that saye
Be she synngule, or be she wedde
To moche she coueyteth, of chambze playe
As dyd Byblis, the thyngge forbed
Presume to be, in her mother stede
Myrcha also, inordynatelye
With her owne father, founde meanes to lye

The Doughters twayne, of Loth the sage.
Hauynge lyke tykle, in theyr taylor
Coude not refrayne, theyr wyllfull rage
To satisfye, with euill haylor
Theyr father fested, with costly bytaylor
Had e hym dzonke, and so at laste
Medled with hym, he slepyng faste

Examples hereof, dyuers there be
To approue my sayenge, strayght as a lyne
As fyrst of the, abhomynable Pasyphe
And then the insacrat, myssalyne
Pyrra, fabulla, and fayze Helyne
With other thousandes, many mo
Whiche all to recyte, wolde neuer be do

I pray you, why was Adam shent.
Bycause he onely, dyd transgresse
Eue hym meuyd, fyrst to consent
To eate of the apple, she dyd hym dresse
So all came, of her, wyllfulnesse

And syth that woman, that offyce began
She is moze to blame then is the man

¶ The wyfe of loth, wyllynge also
The will of god, to pzeuaycate
Out of the cite, when she shulde go
Looked behynde her, in her gate
To se by pzoofe, the pzonostycate
Displeased god, and she anone
Transfourmed was, in to a salte stone

¶ I pray you, what dyd quene atthalpe
Look in Daralppomenion
Moth: r of yonge kynge Othozpe
Of all, and of all, the wylfullest one
Moued the kynge foresayde, her son
To do moche euill, especyailpe
The temple of god, for to dystrope

¶ Myghty Samson, two wyues had
The fyrst a Philistian, by generacyon
Neyther of them good, but passynge bad
And false to hym, farre out of fashyon
The fyrst hym caused, by laccynacyon
His probleme to her, so that he sayde
When she it knewe, she hym betrayde

¶ The seconde delte moche worse then so
Deceyuyngc hym, as ye shall heare
For she his strength/dyd take hym fro
In her lappe slepyng, she clypte his heere
Betrayed her lozde, and her bewpere
Thus Dalpda, for mede hym serued
And caused his eyes out to be carued

¶ The wyfe of Job, the man electe
Saluted hym with scoznes and mockes
And full vnsemely, ofte hym cherte
Sayeng thou foule, full of the pockes

Full lyke a foole, thy brest thou knockes
Wenest thou, for thy fayre speche
God wyll come, the for to seche

¶ Thy pratyng leue, fowle the befall
Trust me, he wyll the neuer hcle
Thy beestes/ thy goodes, and thy chyldren all
Be deed and brente, now euey dele
And thou lvest here, with many a byle
Pratyng, and prayenge, to the diuine
And worse then thou stynkest, then a deed swyne

20 Lykewyse the wyfe, of olde Thoby
Whose name, as I remembre was Anne
Whiche hym entratyd, boisteously
With sad rebukes, now e and than
Called hym dysupll, and wytles fanne
Because he gaue/ with herte so lyberall
Parte of his goodes, to the po:all

¶ The wanton wyfe, of kynge Phara
Joseph adhortyd/ with her to lye
In place secreete, betwene them two
God forbyd madame sayde he
Bycause she sawe, it wolde not be
A shamefull lye she dyd inuent
In pryson to caste/ that innocent

¶ In women all, this propertys
Is knowne sure, and manysfeste
That yf a man, maye come so nye
To shewe them game, that they loue beste
And wyll not do it, then well they Jeste
But trust me sure, that with the harte
They wyll neuer loue hym afterwarde

¶ The wyse man sayeth, in his prouerbes
A strumpettes lypes are dulce as honye
But in her dealyng, she is sowre as herbes

Woꝛme wode, oꝛ rewe, oꝛ woꝛse sayeth he
foꝛ when them lyketh, to mocke with the
With tongue & eye, suche semblaunce the shew
That harde it were them to mystrowe

¶ As though they spake, wth mouth & herte
With face they make, so good semblaunce
That harde it were, a man to starte
From theyꝝ fayze glosynge, countenaunce
Thus with theyꝝ lugged, vtteraunce
The symple men/that meane but iust
Disceyued are, where they moost trust

¶ In case they do you, but one benefyte
An hundꝛeth tymes by you recompensed
They wyll you euer, with that one entwyte
With lytle cause, oꝛ none offended
All your demerytes, shalbe vnrecensed
So be it lesse, oꝛ be it moze
All is losse, ye gaue them befoze

¶ Pf ye renounce, your copy holde
And wolde be tenaunt, by Indenture
There is no ware, then to be solde
Ye must go seke, at your aduenture
foꝛ as of you, they haue no deynture
Thynke ye that I, wyll be so redy
Nay by Jhesse, I holde you a peny

¶ And then pf ye, no labour make
Ye maye be sure that then wyll she
The lure out thꝛowe, the hawke to take
Be lyke, of her affynyte

Good god howe straunge, nowe adayes be ye
I woldꝛ haue thought, ye had ben none suche
But by the lytell, is knowne the moche

¶ So at length, by howche oꝛ by crowche,
Lesse oꝛ moze, euer they craue

Untyll the hande, be in the pouche
No wordes prouaylen, the to saue
A thousande thousande wayes they haue
To make a man, a threde bare cote
And leue hym, neyther peny ne grote

¶ Nowe this nowe that, they craue alway
One thyng or other, they neuer rest
Saye what ye wyll, they wyll no naye
No none excuse, but they owne request
So they may be trymmed, and fed of the best
They haue no remorse, who bereth the name
No whome they put to open shame

¶ The trueth is knowen as in this case
By holy wyte, autenticate
Betwene Thamer, and the iudge Judas
The booke called Genesis, examynate
Howe thamar the wydowe, in the waye late
Dyspyled her selfe, in straunge araye
Judas to dysceyue, after that waye.

¶ Her fresche atyre, & countenaunce therto
Prouoked this man, a questyon to make
She lyghtly consentynge, as some other do
Sayde what wilt thou geue, thy pleasure to take
Some pledge she sayde, for promyse is flake
Of hym she requyred, staffe mantell and rynge
His mynde to folowe, and do the thyng

¶ Shorte tale to make, the lawe was then
A woman that founde was, in auoutrye
Newe proffe alledge, by credyble men
Shulde suffre death, saunce remedy
The matter apperped, by her bely
She openly sayde, in sclaunder of Judas
Who oweth these thye, this dede done has

D.ii.

Thus be they all, past shame and dede,
And careth not, who doth byd them bayle
With goostly sentence, them to fede
Lytell oꝛ nothyng, dothe them pꝛeuayle
Be the backe tourned, anone they rayle
And say, foꝛ all your counseyle good
Ye had leuer a bare ars, then a furred hood.

To say that they can, counseyle kepe,
It were to re, a meruaylous thyng
Onlesse it be, when they do slepe
Oꝛ no body, to gyue the hearyng
Despyous euer, of newe tydyng
And were it matter, of lymme and lyfe
Out it shall, be tolde byleue

Tully the Roman, vpon a daye
Though to approue, his wyfe secrepe
In counseyle tolde her, he had put awaye
The Emperour sonne, to the ende that we
Mayerreygne and rule, bothe lande and see
Glad was she, and yet she went
And hym dysclosed, incontynent

Tully escaped, harde with thꝛ lyfe,
And all by meane/ of his owne folpe
Had not the trueth, be knowen belyue
To haue be hanged/ it was ieoperdye
Be it therfoꝛe true tale, oꝛ lye
Be wyse and ware, wake ye oꝛ wynke
And tell not your wyfe, all that ye thynke

Kynge Salomon, bothe wyttye & wyse
A woman doth, assymy!ate
Vnto a droppynge, euelyng gypse
Dystyllynge downe, after rayne late
Who droppes vnclene, doth maculate
The fynest besture, that any man werps

With colde and wete, the body derys

¶ Cyn so a woman/litygrous
Disquieteth, a hole houlcholde
And who so he be, that in his house
Entendeth to kepe, a woman skolde
The wynde that bloweth, bothe moyst & colde
Were better farre, for to her pour
And lesse shulde fynde, of dyspleasure

¶ Enuyous they be, it is dayly sene
And proude also, of comparyson
Reorde of Saba, the goygrous quene
Before, nor yns, was neuer suche one
Bycause she enuyed, kynge Salomon
To proue his wyldome, and take with a tryppe
Passed the sees, in a meruaylous shyppe

¶ Bycause that Raboth, wolde not sell
Unto the kynge, of Samarye
The vyneyarde he had, at Israell
Achab the kynge, became angrye
As soone as Jesubell, the quene knewe why
She straitly comaunded, by wyptynge to fayne
Some cryme vpon Raboth, & so was he slayne

¶ Loke and rede, the boke Bochas
And ye shall fynde, many a reason
The pryde of women, to deface
For they in flyuyng, in theyr season
Good women he wote, were very gelson
As ye shall fynde of, xij. he wote
But of the. xx. neyther letter nor iote

¶ Salamon sayeth, thre thynges there be
Seldome, or neuer saturate
Hill the fyrst, is of the thre
The seconde, a womans water gate
The grounde of water/insacate

Of euery lewde fastyon, reckon who can
And euer I warrant, the woman is one.

¶ Harde to be knowen, lyke membze therbe
The fourth to knowe, who is he con
The fyzt whiche waye, a byzde wyll flee
Oz of a serpent, spent from a stone
What haue a shyppe, shal be dyue vpon
The crafte of a hore, perceyue who con
And euer I warrant the woman is one

¶ The grounde also/doth vary by thze
The fourth may not, be stablyshed sure
A bonde man set, in maiestye
A foole fed fatte, whyles he wyll in powze
An odypous woman, in weddynge bre
An heyze made of, a bonde woman
So euer I warrant, the woman is one.

¶ Which thynges remebzed, well nere eche
Reporze of them, accoꝝdnyngly (man
And saye playnly, that in the woman
Is lytle thyng, of praple worthye
Lettred oz vnlearned, whether they be
They say of all creatures, women are the best
Cuius contrarium, verum est

¶ And were not, two small benyalles
The femynyne myght, be glozfyde
Set in thrones perpetualles
And as the goddes, be deyfde
Two benyall synnes, they hane and hyde
None of the seuen, theyz names who can tell
They can neyther do, noz saye well

¶ So to conclude, of this treatyse
A fynall ende, rude though it be
The processe through, who wyll superuise
Shall well perceyue, I make no lye

An ende therfore, to make shortlye
In my conceyte/he lyueth in rest
That medleth with them, of all people leest.

¶ I I I I S.

Go forth lytell booke, be not afrayde
To be accepte, with them that are wyse
And shewe them playne, what so be sayde
In any parte of this treatyse
Doth not dystayne, theyr honestye
But for the lewde, myght haue a mystrour
Hereby to amende, theyr damnable errour

¶ Lyke as the preacher, doth dyscōmende.
All vycyous liuyng, with mouth and wyll
O: as the mynstryll, doth endend
With helpe of lute, synger o: quyll
Example shewyng, to conuerte the yll
Lyke so myne auctour, dothe the same
No creature lyuyng, spoken be name

¶ Percase any one, dyspleasure take
Bycause it toucheth, her properlye
In case that she/suche wayes forsake
Whiche moſte accorde, to her propertye
She nedeth not, herewith to be angrie
God graunt vs all, we may do this
Euery man to amende one, in that is amys

¶ The good alwayes/ wyll be content
With that, that is spoken/in generall
There wyll none/so soone be dyscontent
As they that fretesyd, be with all
Rub a calde horse/vpon the gall
And he wyll hyte, wyse, and vente
So wyll all people, that are malyuolent.

Go forthetherfore, amonge the thycke
And bere in mynde, who is with the
The wordes that Salamon, and Dauid speake
In Iudiciū, and in Genespe
Hierome, Iuuenall, and olde Chobie
Cathon, and Ouyd, wyll testyfyue
And Marcyall also, who lysteth to trye.

And vnto them, that lerned be
I wolde, and wyll, thou mekely went
And shewe them, who so made the
Rothynge purposed, of yll intent
That shuide prophete the sacrament
But that the masculyne, myght hereby
Haue somewhat to ieste, with the feminy

EXPLAICIT

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